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A
Little
Book
of
Home
and
Country
Verse





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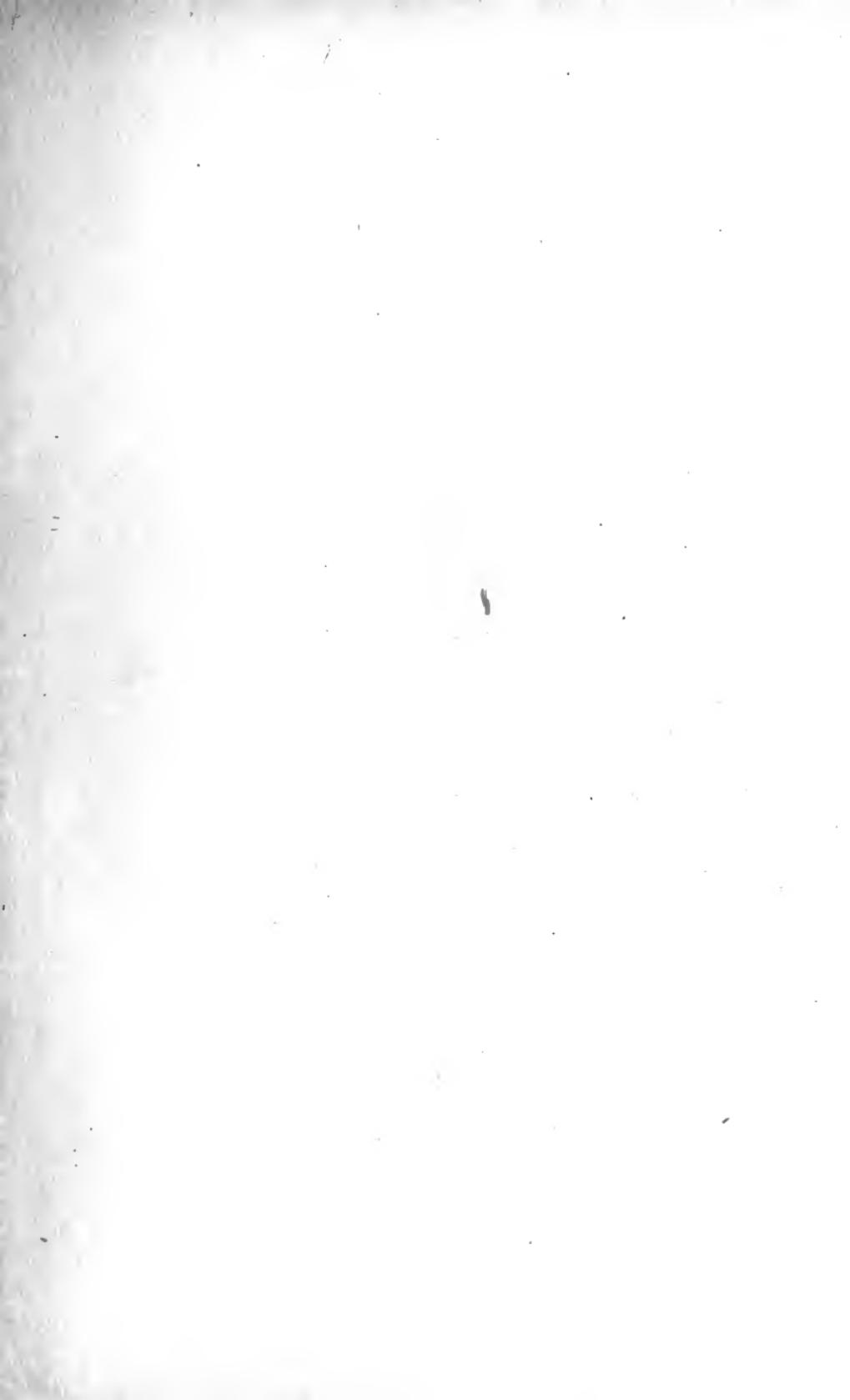








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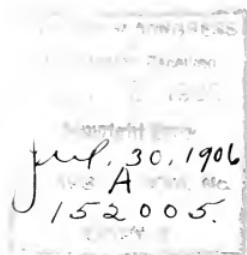
J.A. Lehmann

A LITTLE BOOK
OF
HOME AND COUNTRY
VERSE

BY
JOHN ALBERT LEHMANN

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS
BY
ALICE MAY SHRIVER

PRIVately PRINTED
BY THE EVANGELICAL PRESS
CLEVELAND, OHIO
1906



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BY

JOHN ALBERT LEHMANN,

SAVANNAH, OHIO.

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TO MY MOTHER



*There's a roaring in the distance,
With tempest clouds in sight!
The timber snaps like kindling,
And the sky is black as night!
The lightnings flash! The thunders peal!
There's trembling every-where—
The mighty torrent is out-pouring
All the clouds can spare—.*

*There's contentment in the wood,
And contentment in the field;
And rejoicing in the brook,
For the splendid vapor yield.
The birds are full of music,
And the air is full of cheer—
The fields are full of flowers,
And the sky is bright and clear;
The creek is over-flowing,
And I'm wading in the stream,—
Away back there in the meadow—
I'm back there, in a DREAM!*



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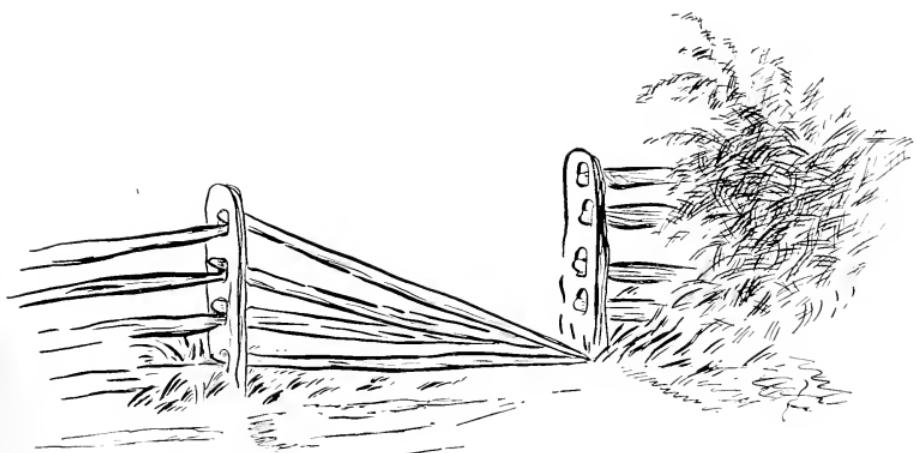
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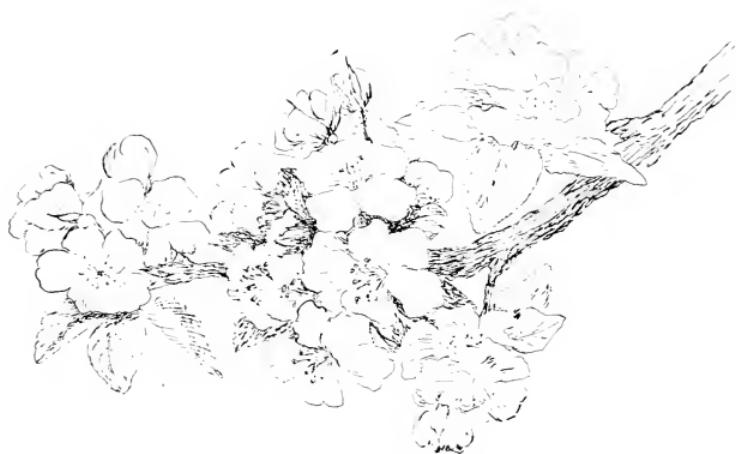
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*GO, thou bits of rhyme, and speak of memory's mill;
And if, perchance, an one should say thee ill—
Tell him, too, with all thy faults,
Thou art the child of one who loves thee still.*

A LITTLE BOOK
OF
HOME AND COUNTRY
VERSE





AS THEY USED TO BE

BLOW, ye gentle winds, the years softly blow through;

And carry me back to the scenes I once knew:

To the hay-mows 'n sheds, where we played hide and seek—

The bridge and the dam, where we fished in the creek—

To the wagons and sleds—the guns and the tools,

And the straw-stacks we'd *slide*, contrary to rules;

To the old smoke-house, and bake oven hard by,

Where we ripened the bread, the cake and the pie:

To the orchard, strewn with its yellow and red—

And the blossoms before them, hanging o'erhead;

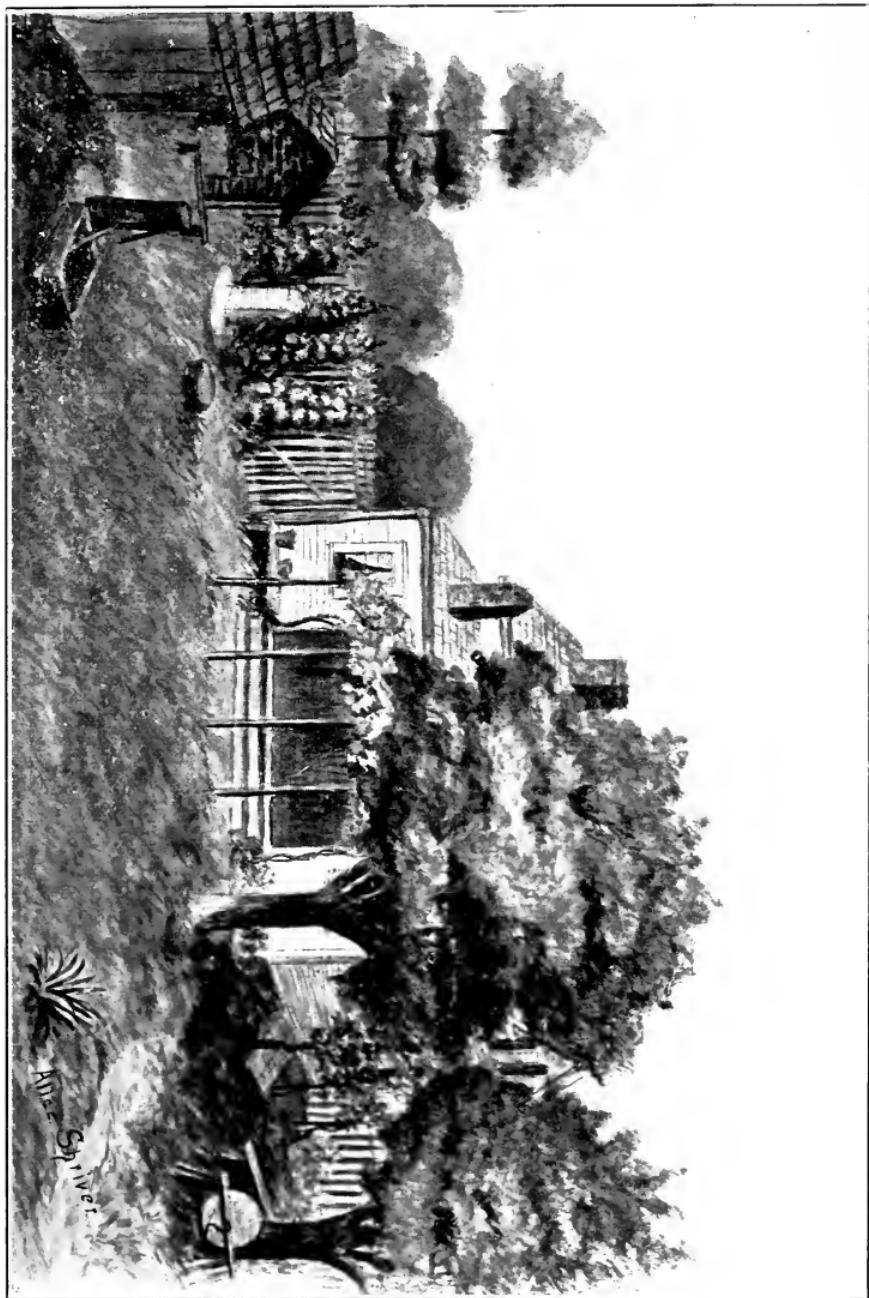
To the pasture lot, where the calamus growed

With the flags and butter-cups, next to the road—

AS THEY USED TO BE

Where I used to wander along the old stream,
As I'm wand'ring now, in a bare-footed dream—
'Mong daisies, dandelions, and golden-rod,
Mingled with the clover, in the blue-grass sod;
Past cat-tails and rushes, 'mongst snipes and kill-deers
—Their wail-stricken notes still ring in my ears—
To the old lone tree, where the hickory-nuts grew—
And the old saw-mill, we used to scamper through,
As the evening shadows, where the willows crossed,
Went glim'ring in distance, until they were lost.
And I'm wishing too, as I never thought then,
I could travel those fields all over again;
When old home-nooks and garden, I'd hope to see—
Plainer yet than pictures—*as they used to be.*

Blow, ye gentle winds, the years softly blow through;
And tell me the tales that I once listened to:
Tell of the fathers, who came over the sea,
To build in the forest, unhampered and free—
Of the pioneer homes, where they toiled and dwelt,
And the rustic church altars, 'round which they knelt.
And bring back to me now, those voices again,
That told of the cabins, the soldiers and men—
About Indians, deer, and game in the woods;





AS THEY USED TO BE

And trading corn and wheat, for nails and dry-goods.
Yes! tell me the stories, I so loved to hear,
Away back "in the passing"—many a year.

Blow, ye gentle winds, the years softly blow through:
And whisper again of the joys I once knew—
The pigeons, guinea pigs,—the little pet lamb,
It still follows me now, wherever I am;
And the little pet rabbits, I couldn't forget,
Seem almost as near and as dear to me yet;
While "chums" I once knew, with strong heart and
good will,

As in days of my youth, oft visit me still:
For 'tis friendships we've tried, and found to be true,
That will cling to our lives, whatever we do.
The little old chest, with its relics and toys—
Seems packed full to this day, with pleasures and joys;
While mirth, of past days, seems returning again.
To pay interest now, on sports enjoyed then.
But what are the thorns, bereft of the flowers,
Or a journey through life, with no pleasant hours?
When those happy hours, which the memory knows,
Bring cheer to our lives, like the bloom to the rose.

AS THEY USED TO BE

Blow, ye gentle winds, the years softly blow through;
Take all of the tears and the sorrows I knew:
Go bury them well, and go bury them deep—
Forever to rest in Eternity's sleep.

But the pleasures and joys, of youths' better part,
Are sacred to my life and dear to my heart:
Welcome them on, into Eternity's day.—

Nurture them kindly all the journey and way.—
Water them freely with the dew of thy love—
To blossom again, in the garden above.



O, joyous Spring! Sweet goddess of the year!
Why haste thee on? Why not linger longer here?
We have come, *but a little while* to stay;
Why not then remain, to cheer us all the way?



THE STORY OF A RURAL AMBITION

'T WAS early in the Spring of sixty-three, he staked
his little claim;
Which, but an eighty acre lot, was interesting just the
same.

He had gone into a partnership, with the idol of his
heart,
And they settled on that little farm, each willing to
do their part.

Their house was but a cabin, and the out-buildings
shackled and old:
When the frosts of winter came, they'd "chink" the
cracks to keep out the cold.

It was a pleasant place to live, built out on the edge
of a hill:
Some forty rods from a country church—sixty, from
an old saw mill.

THE STORY OF A RURAL AMBITION

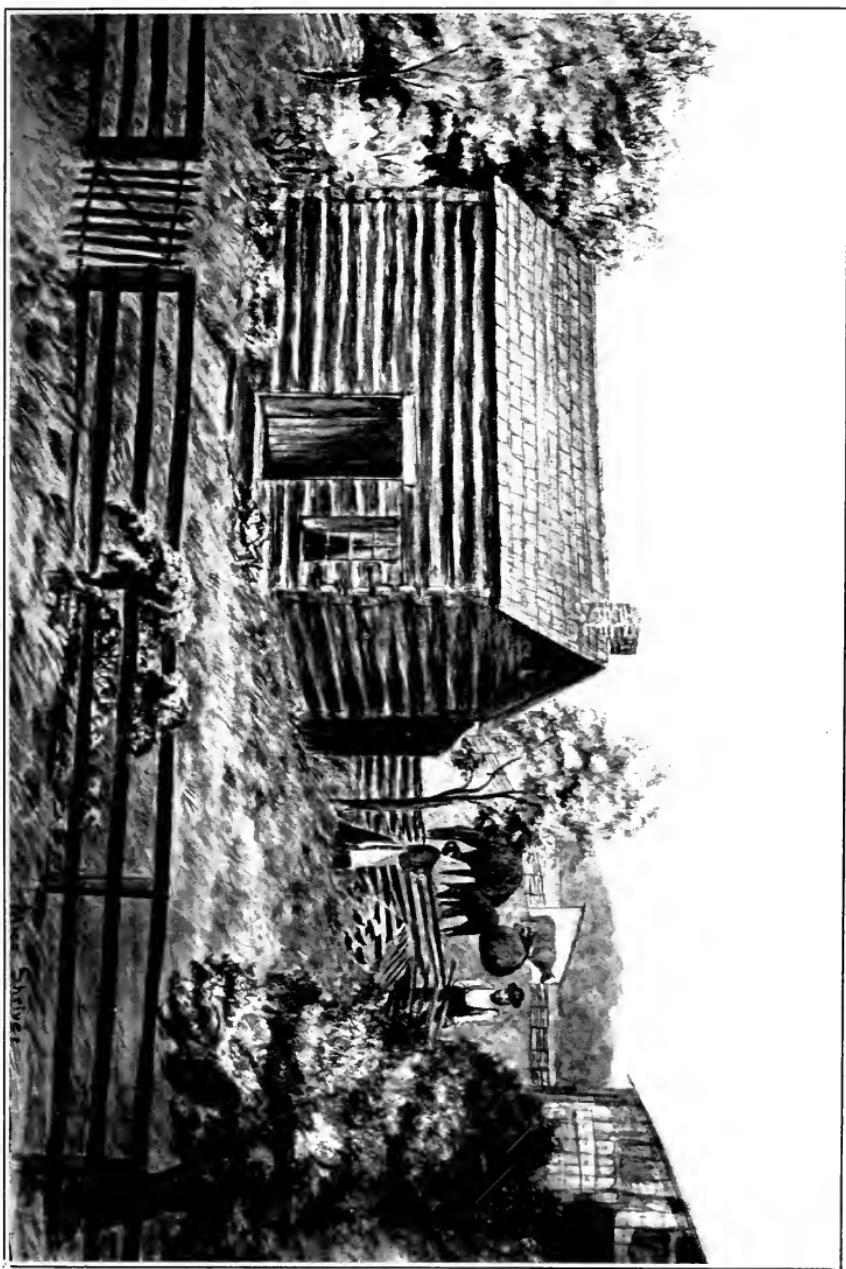
They'd light from a cheerful blazing fire-place, with tall
low candles too;
To help them "mend," and "patch," and knit, and
spin—"the way they used to do."

Those days, they'd "rag-sewings," and parties too, with
"singing" now and then;
And log-rollings and husking-bees, where women oft
out-did the men.

But *they* had started in to build a home, with money
rather *short*;
And but few conveniences and tools, of the very cheap-
est sort.

They denied themselves many a want, living plainly as
they could,
Hoping sometime, to have plenty, and enjoy life as peo-
ple should.

Though they'd scant supplies of furniture, they'd lots
of courage and pluck;
And Heaven somehow, kindly blessed them, with a right
good share of luck.





THE STORY OF A RURAL AMBITION

All of their plans made lots of work, which kept him
mainly out of doors;
And during the busy seasons, she'd always help do up
the chores.

He fixed a lane down to the spring, and made a new
watering trough;
And split some rails, and built some fence, meanwhile
clearing some timber off.

He planted an orchard, and built some sheds, and
hauled a lot of stone;
Besides attending the season's crops, and their harvest-
ing, when grown.

Sometimes, when his farming would permit, he would
deal in stock a spell:
For those were old time civil war days, when most any-
thing would sell.

When horses would get a little dull, he would speculate
in sheep:
And quite often the bunch that would go, was the flock
he'd thought to keep.

THE STORY OF A RURAL AMBITION

And though they had gone quite deep in debt, they finally *cut* their way

Right through the mists of poverty's woods, out into the open day.

But it's singular how a little success fosters one's ambitions,

And widens out to-morrow's plans, in spite of to-day's conditions:

Yet, somehow, while they had worked hard, and succeeded with crops they'd sown,

They kind of "got set" on land that joined 'em, they thought they'd like to own.

So they sold that little farm, with some grain and stock and tools on hand;

And bought the old family homestead, with twice the amount of work and land.

It was like starting new again, with a great big burden of debt:

But they both were energetic, and worked from morn till sun would set.

THE STORY OF A RURAL AMBITION

And they economized and saved, till they'd redeemed
their mortgage notes,

And had gotten the farm well stocked, with horses,
cattle, sheep and shotes.

They fixed up fences and buildings, and bought some
furniture and tools;

And made things nice and homelike, so's to work by
more convenient rules.

And Heaven sent children into their home, with cheer
their hearts to fill;

Making a lot of care and trouble, as children most al-
ways will.

Those years were fraught with anxieties—some serious
illness too;

And with much of grief and worry, which only God
and parents knew.

*But trials and self-denials should leave us stronger for
their test;*

*And point us along life's pathway, toward the things
that's for the best.*

THE STORY OF A RURAL AMBITION

And they labored earnestly, to bring up their children
true and good:

Seeking, in all things, their best welfare, as they felt
that parents should.

They both agreed, that none should e'er have cause to
say that they had shirked:

And that their children ne'er should toil, through all
the hardships they had worked.

*Forgetting, that in fortune building is the way that men
are made:*

*And that one can't build for others, more than they,
eyes or ears, could trade.*

*That earning one's own bread, bequeaths appreciation
of its worth;*

*That wealth of fare, unearned, cannot strengthen by
any law on earth.*

*That moral worth, set in wisdom's shrine, with a faith
and courage strong,*

*Are the world's most precious gifts, which to all true
sons of toil belong.*

THE STORY OF A RURAL AMBITION

It's sing'lar too, how one's ambition will pull up in
the collar,

When he takes to widening out his land, and saving
every dollar.

*And it kind of shuts our best world out, to "get set"
on moneyed things;*

*And denies us the greater pleasures, which life's true
enjoyment brings.*

But he'd lots of stock, and crops were good, with money
and notes on hand,

And, had been rapidly acqiring, a general taste for
land.

So they bought back again that eighty, where they'd
started in, in life:

And later, one hundred twenty more, with some trou-
ble and some strife.

He scraped up, to meet this last contract, all the *down*
money he could:

Adding a six thousand dollar mortgage, to make the
balance good.

THE STORY OF A RURAL AMBITION

The land had been neglected, and he'd bargained for a
heap of work;

But that he regarded little, for 'twas a thing he'd never
shirk.

He was always planning ahead, as he said, for the rainy
days;

*But clouds loom up when we least expect, and oft from
opposite ways.*

And mixed up with his problems, about fences, stock,
and notes, and land;

There was one he proved unable to solve, of quite a
different brand.

He'd gotten kind of all run down, and contracted a
ling'ring cough.

Doctors said, "he must take a vacation, and take it
now—right off."

They said, that "he had worked too hard, and too con-
tinuous and long;"

That "he'd have broken sooner, had his constitution
not been strong."

THE STORY OF A RURAL AMBITION

“He’d a *worry* weighted heart, with torpid liver an’
coated tongue”—

“And that the general effect of this, had settled on his
lung.”

They said, they thought the mountain air, of Colorado,
’d make him well;

That the beauties of that country, there wasn’t a pen
nor tongue could tell.

And *some* thought the coast would do him good, where
the air was balm and free;

That ’twould be nice to sit and listen, to God’s music
in the sea.

They all agreed that he needed rest, and that it would-
n’t pay to wait;

That fare and costs in traveling, were much cheaper
than grave-yard rate.

*For there’s no rule to estimate the value of one’s life
and health;*

*They’re things that can’t be measured, by the world’s
accumulated wealth.*

THE STORY OF A RURAL AMBITION

*And with your health, you're better off, if you don't
own a pack of oats,*

*Than he, who's slipping in the grave, with fortunes
wrapped in land and notes.*

*Opportunities, like measles, come and go—they don't
go and come;*

*And oft we do not see them, till they've got some dis-
tance off from home.*

He could find no way of leaving, so many things had to
be done:

To leave home in his condition, he thought he had some
risk to run.

And some friendly advisers thought, if he'd quit work,
the time would come,

When he would be a good bit stronger, by staying right
there at home.

That he could sort of oversee, and know how things were
going on;

And save himself some extra worry, he might have, if
he were gone.

THE STORY OF A RURAL AMBITION

But this sitting around and watching, and being contented too,

Whilst your affairs go on by proxy, is a thing most men can't do.

And as time passed by, he found himself gradually growing weaker:

With his cough becoming more hollow, and quite a good bit deeper.

'Tis sad, that faithful toilers should break down under burdens of debt:

But 'tis a road, long been well traveled.—many are trav'ling it yet.

With ambition, 'tis hard to determine one's true measure of strength;

For a chain shows its weak links, only when stretched beyond its full length.

Hopeful enterprises strengthen, building up courage and power;

While the hopeless, discouraging task, weakens its bower much lower.

THE STORY OF A RURAL AMBITION

And those burdens of choice, which in health, he found
so easily borne,

Hung now, like clouds of oppression, of their *once* attractiveness shorn.

Sometimes, he'd hum a little tune, with words that end
with "Gates Ajar;"

And speak of One, who'd make a death-bed, soft as
downy pillows are.

And when he would speak of leaving, upon his cheek
there'd rest a tear:

For he said, Heaven 'd been good to him, during the
years he'd spent here.

One day, along quite late in March, he said he thought
he'd live till May:

But the angels came that very evening, and took him
right away.

And the ambitious soul, of a brave, courageous life, well
striven,

Returned to its Creator, from whom it's faith and
hope were given.

THE STORY OF A RURAL AMBITION

That Mother, with her children, struggled on that farm
for many years;
With land and crops, and diff'rent kinds of stock,
'gainst mortgage notes and tears.

And they worked together in that home, as if planted
there to stay:
Till they'd undermined those mortgage notes, and
cleared all their debts away.

And while their fortunes were doubtless changed, bear-
ing burdens on them laid,
And solving problems, not their own, to work out plans
by others made;

Yet, those years bequeathed them training, in courage,
industry, and thrift:
Which, in the world's industrial highway, is not a pur-
chased gift.

What the world would mean *without* ambition, is diffi-
cult to say:
Though, 'twould o'erturn our civilization, to take it all
away.

THE STORY OF A RURAL AMBITION

In adding columns of figures, you'll notice ciphers do
not count;

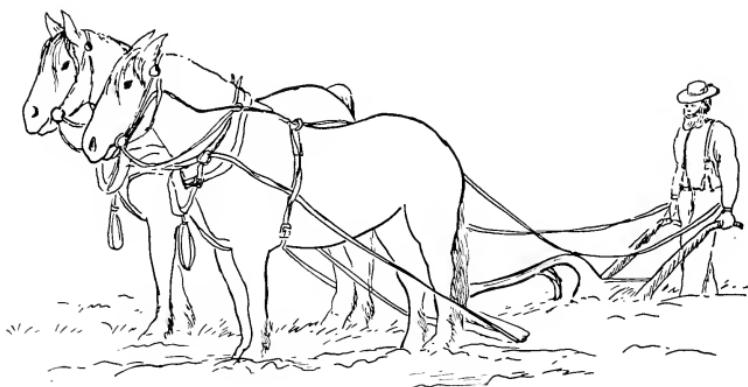
That it's the greater digits, which most increase the
final amount.

*And whilst some virtues may be spread too thick, like
plaster on the wall;*

*They're far better in abundance, than not to have of
them at all.*

But of *last* results, be they great or small, there's *only*
God can tell,—

Yet, we are all promised credit, concerning things
which we've meant well.



*THE lily looks up to catch the dew,—
A lesson in life for me and you;
Heaven's rich blessings are free to all,
Ready to receive them as they fall.*



WHEN THE BLUE-BIRDS COME

THERE'S music in the timber,
And the buds are swelling some:
And everything is happy—
—When the Blue-birds come.

The Guinea-hen's rejoicing
'Cause the Winter's fairly past;
While the turkey-cock's admiring
The shadow he can cast.

The ducks and geese are counting
On a heavy season's crop;
And the maple sap's flowing,
As if it couldn't hardly stop.

The chip-munk's 'bout as jolly
As a Bob-o-link in June;
The Pheasant's drumming to the "twitter"
Of the Blue-bird's tune:

WHEN THE BLUE-BIRDS COME

The Robin likes the country,
And he's settled down to stay,
And the Sap-sucker's busy
Every hour of the day.

There's music in the timber,
And the buds are swelling some;
And everything is happy—
—When the Blue-birds come.



LET THE SUNSHINE IN

OUR everyday ills and aches and pains,
We should learn to bear alone:
The world has no time to be bothered:
It's got troubles of its own.
To salute our neighbor with the blues,
Isn't just quite the thing to do:
When, perhaps, he's got some vexation.
That's piercing his heart most through

Opening our windows tow'rd heaven,
And letting the sunshine in;
Will make us more cheerful and happy.
Than we otherwise, have been.
Distributing kindly words and deeds,
To relieve another's pain:
Like the bread, which, cast upon waters,
Will return to us again.

LET THE SUNSHINE IN

Comforting the sad and afflicted.

Will lighten our own heart's care;
Filling life's spirit with hopefulness,

Drives away clouds that are there.

A thoughtful charity in our hearts.

Will brighten our lives and face;
And the smiles and blessings it bequeathes,

Will help fill the world with grace.



“BUB”

IT'S singular how there's times in life
When our given names don't fit;
An' *nick-names* we git at school,
Er 'mongst our chums, pass with better wit.

When nom-de-plumes applied to “shavers,”
Like this youngster at my knee,
Suit quite as well as the “grown-up” titles
Of high society.

An' I look back now through the years
—To the time when I was “Bub,”
An' tripped across the meadow thistles
—Er give my toe a stub,

To head a flock of sheep, er bunch of cattle,
Er a calf, er pig—
Whilst the man that owned 'em, stood the
Crossin's, an' drove the horse an' rig.

“ BUB ”

How we wouldn’t more’n git past the corner,
’Till he’d spy a gap er gate;
“ Skip ’round ’em “Bub”—be quick, git to movin’
“ Afore you be too late.”

An’ when we had got ’em where he’d want ’em,
Er at the journey’s end,
He’d give me a nickle, er quarter,
An’ a first-class recommend.

Then, sometimes, folks would say, “here Bub’s”
An apple, er cookie, fer you;
Er else a picture-card, er piece of pie,
Er a doughnut er two.

An’ once a big stock dealer give me a lamb—
An’ didn’t charge a cent;
Whilst other folks come along an’ got lambs,
They paid fer ’fore they went.

Another time a city doctor,
Who’d come out to see the sick,
Handed me a nickle, sayin’
“ Here Bub—open the gate right quick.”

“ BUB ”

An' while that's been many years,
An' 'twas fifteen rods out to the gate,
I remember well his compliment,
Fer he didn't have long to wait.

An' I was glad to see him come;
I liked him then, an' always will,—
Though all the nickles he paid me,
Each made him a five-dollar bill.

It's singular, *too*, how nickles *then*,
Were greater than eagles *now*;
An' kindly words an' compliments,
Equal to honors kings allow.

An' I still think, as I've often thought
—While time's been pasing on,
That the world's *lots* bigger *while* we're “Bub.”
Than *when* we are Pete an' John.

An' I'd be content, could I boast the wealth
I had when I was “Bub”—
With just a *nickle* sal'ry, now an' then,
Besides my clothes an' grub.

*BE cheerful, helpful and ever true,
The journey through;
Making life and eternity long,
One grand sweet song.*

A KINGLY PATRIARCH

THE oak is great, 'mongst forest trees,—
He stands above them high;
With kingly grace his out-stretched arms,
Doth reach up toward the sky.

In root-hold grasp and giant strength,
No other tree compares,—
His leafy branch o'er shadows *all*,
With bounteous crops he bears.

By nature's plan, he doth provide,
A harbor shelter good,
For many birds and animals,
In search of home and food.



To human *will* he meekly bows,
A servant kindly true;
Doing in industry and art,
What others fail to do.

A KINGLY PATRIARCH

His tensile strength and quality,
With lasting power great—
Makes of him a burden bearer,
In every Land and State.

In texture, beauty and finish,
His peer hath not been found;
The pride of art, 'mongst men of marque,
In state the world around.

He upholds the mightiest craft,
The ocean can afford;
And "bluffs" the angry tempest,
With a thousand men aboard.

He's a mine of wealth in the woods,
Our commerce doth attest;
Like the gold that's in the rocks,
In the mountains of the West.

I love his splendid presence,
He's the forest monarch strong;
I wish that he might still remain,
Through all the ages long.

A KINGLY PATRIARCH

'Tis sad to see him passing,
Like a vet-ran pioneer;
Oh! would that he might talk of scenes,
Since first he settled here;

If he could tell what's taken place,
In the years *he's* come through;
And recall the incidents,
Of a Century or Two—

I think we'd all enjoy to hear,
The tales he might relate;
Explaining how our country grew,
From wilderness to state.



DER ZAUBER TRUNK

AS I watched the kettle boil at twilight,
And saw the vapor rise;
There appeared the ideal of my heart,
In the mist before my eyes.
With thrills of joy my heart strings tinkled;
At last, I had found my own:
But lo; how quickly gone! just a myth!
I was sitting there alone!



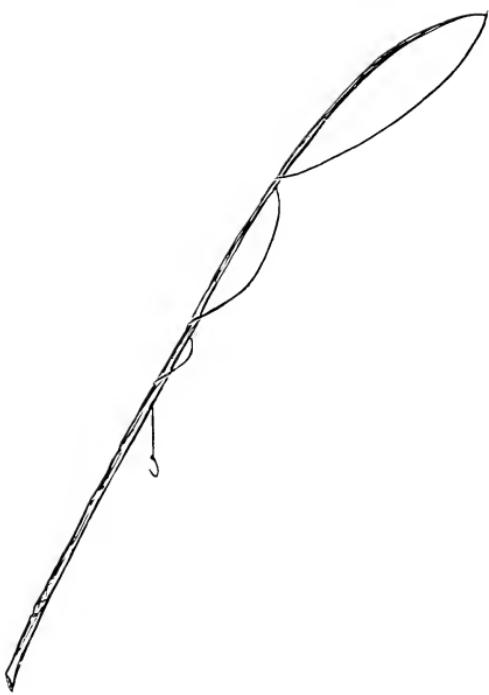
WHEN WE FISHED IN WALNUT CREEK

If I'd my choice of *times* to live again, and had to make it quick;
I'd go right back to those happy days, when we fished in Walnut Creek.

For fishing in that old stream was sport,—not all braggin' and expense;
Where the number and size of “whales” we could see, simply was immense.

Where the fish would bite, when signs were right, morning, noon or anytime;
And the season's tackle all combined, would not cost a single dime.





WHEN WE FISHED IN WALNUT CREEK

A willow sprout,—a cotton string,—some angle worms,
—an old bent pin;
And we'd sit down there on the bridge, and *fish*,—just
me and sister “Min.”

We wouldn't more'n get started, till they'd begin to
circle 'round and shine;
Just a kind o' sort of courtin' us, to throw in our bait
and line.

But the biggest ones in all the bunch would stay down
on the bottom;
And we'd bait right up close to 'em—but 'way they'd
“skip”—we hadn't got 'em.

O-o-oh got a bite! pull quick! see what a “lunker”!
O-oh-h-h he “slipped the pin;”
And the biggest fish we got that day, was the one that
fell back in.

I've fished up 'mong the lakes and streams, for pick'rel,
bass, musk-longe and trout;
And more than once surprised the campers, with weights
o'er scales they couldn't doubt.

WHEN WE FISHED IN WALNUT CREEK

And I have tested fancy territory, bragged 'bove all
the rest;

With all the signs 'bout bait and tackle—what and
when they'll bite the best:

But I've not since found the fish so large, nor quite
so anxious and thick;

As they were some thirty years ago, when we fished
in Walnut Creek.



“LET charity begin at home”

*Is good sound doctrine everywhere:
But charity soon gets dull at home,
When it always—stays—right—there.*

TO APOLLO

WHAT causes grass to grow,
and don such splendid hue?
What makes the vapor rise,
and then descend in dew?
Who bids the flowers bloom,
with stores of Nectar sweet?
Who fills the husk and chaff,
with grains of corn and wheat?
Who paints the rainbow *tints*,
so pure and true and bright?
Who bids the stars to sparkle,
with their brilliant light?
I begged “The Gods” explain;
by *myth* or *code* or *dream*:
The modest Moon replied;—
“ ‘Tis the merry *Sunbeam*. ”

BATTLE ARMOR

THE keys to heaven God puts in your hands,
They're worth more than jewels, or bonds, or
lands;

The Pearls they unlock are borne from above,
They are Kindness, Gentleness, Truth and *Love*.

The first of these keys is *Faith* in God's law;
From this, springs *Hope*, which will constantly draw
Your courage tow'r'd levels of strength and pow'r,
And conquer trials in life's darkest hour.

They'll fill your life full, with sunshine and grace,
That will help to brighten the saddest face.
They will help you to feel another's woes,
With Christlike sympathy that ever grows.

They'll build you a world 'mong the great and strong,
And friends you can "count on" your whole life long;
Of *joys* and *griefs* in the throng of life's day,
They will keep *good* safe, and drive *bad* away.

BATTLE ARMOR

They'll fill your life's journey with pleasant hours,
And strew your pathway with music and flow'rs.
In the 'Afternoon', when time is more fleet,
They'll crown your life-work with contentment sweet.

Then, in the 'Twilight,' when the battle's done,
And the long promised vic'try's clearly won;
Those keys in your hands—the greatest is *Love*,
Will guide you safe to the Heaven above.





THE 20th CENTURY PACE

PEOPLE hustle now-a-days,
As if they hadn't long to stay;
And had only come to see,
How soon they could get away.

They keep about as busy,
As the chipmunks in the fall;
When gath'ring up the beach-nuts,
'Round the trees that's thick and tall.

Pretty soon the *winter* comes,—
Some, haven't time to make a *will*:
But the world keeps grinding on,
'Tis civilization's mill.



A LITTLE PEAR

A LITTLE yellow pear,
Was hanging rather low;
When Willie spied it there,
His mouth, it watered so.

The doctor done his best,
The neighbors all allow,—
Willie is now at rest,
His mouth don't water now.

In the little church-yard,
They filled a little pit;
And left a vacant chair,
Where Willie used to sit.

And by that little pear,
There's none can ever say,—
How much of grief and care,
Willie escapes *to-day*.

LITTLE GIANTS

THE drops of dew bring to the rose,
A fragrant cheer untold;
Supplying want, which Heaven knows,
Could not be bought with gold.

The sparkling rain-drop, spent in steam,
Doth lift the greatest weight;
It drives the wheels on land and stream,
And moves the ocean's freight.

A little moral courage pure,
In tense affairs of life;
Will oft win fortune's cause secure,
'Gainst wealth of arms in strife.

Smiles, from a kindly heart and face,
With purpose nobly true;
Will oft accomplish in life's race,
What science fails to do.

LITTLE GIANTS

*The tender word, which love imparts,
In spirit thoughtful pure;
Will oft heal wounds and broken hearts,
Which doctors fail to cure.*

*The music in a child's sweet voice,
Hath strength the stoutest own;
It makes the weary to rejoice.
And melts the heart of stone.*



A friend of mine, 'calls' oft in June,
—So polite;
Sometimes, betwixt the Sun and Moon,
—'Bout twilight:
Whistling that old familiar tune.
—Bob, Bob, White!

WHEN AUNT MARY LIVED WITH US

YES, Aunt Mary, when you lived with us, I have often thought:

We'd lots of splendid times, come free, we could have no way bought.

But we didn't realize it then, the same as we do now—
Wearing smiles and beams of joy, 'stead of furrows in
our brow.

For those were days when we were young—we were but
children then;

Time slips by more quickly now, since we are women
and men.

WHEN AUNT MARY LIVED WITH US

And pleasures we loved once, with things that seemed
so good alway,
Perhaps we wouldn't appreciate, had we them here to-
day.

*But little kindly words and deeds, which in our way
are cast,
Taste forever sweet and good, from our first day to our
last.*

And though many years have flown, since we *all* to-
gether dwelt,
At the old family homestead, and 'round the same alter
knelt:

The mem'ry of those good old days, it seems can't leave
my heart;
With *all their scenes* of life we played, in which *you*
took a part.

Those days in which we children *all*, were chiefly good
or bad;
And when we would not keep the rules, you'd help us
wish we had.

WHEN AUNT MARY LIVED WITH US

Yet, when we'd get in mischief, you'd deal kindly as
you could;

And when we weren't so very bad, you'd say we had
been good.

When you were making pictures and distributing the
paint,

You'd keep us out of colors, by consider'ble restraint.

Then you'd take some tissue paper and teach us how
to draw,

According to some junior methods in artistic law.

You'd help us with our school work, and take interest
in our games;

You'd solve our hardest problems, and pronounce the
big long names.

And when some misdemeanor would develop in a fuss.
You'd advance some proposition, protecting each of us.

WHEN AUNT MARY LIVED WITH US

Then you taught us how to sew, and many another
thing;

And helped us gather hickory nuts—and, coming home,
you'd sing.

But I sometimes think, perhaps, your greatest disapp-
ointment,

Was over efforts teaching us, manners and deportment.

When we'd gather corn and apples, you'd help do up
the chores;

And you always kept things cheerful, both in and out
of doors.

And once you came in from milking, splashed all over,
somewhat,

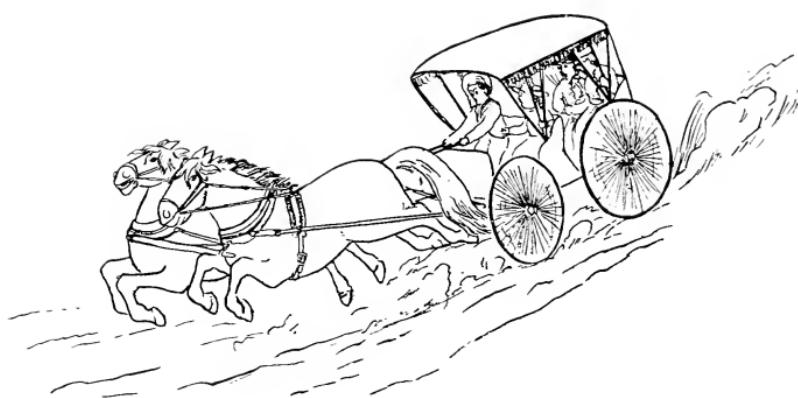
And said you'd had some trouble with "that spotted
kicking cow."

Then one day we'd a runaway—the team ran down a
hill,

And dumped us along the commons;—it seemed a dread-
ful spill.



Nic Shriver



WHEN AUNT MARY LIVED WITH US

The carriage was completely wrecked—we got an awful
fright;

And while some were badly injured, we all “slipped
through quite light.”

At times you'd show us how to do some things we'd
never learned:

Like snuffing candles quick, *by hand*—I got my fingers
burned.

And one time we had a party — 'twas on a Winter
night;

You surprised us playing ghost, in a room with shaded
light.

You'd remember us at Christmas, and other holidays;
And send us little presents, and were kind in many ways.

And your thoughtful interest did not end with Christ-
mas eve—

But kept right on, through-out the year,—it never
seemed to leave.

WHEN AUNT MARY LIVED WITH US

Sometimes we'd go up to the woods -- we thought it
quite a charm;
To play 'round those fine fountains — the pride of
Spring Valley Farm.

We would gather leaves in Autumn, and flowers in
Spring-time;
And study nature's harmony, when written most sub-
lime.

And there is a host of other things, which I now re-
call;
Among them *some*, which ink and paper, won't convey
at all.

A few are wrapped in memories, I somehow cannot
tell,—
From dreams of the old homestead, you may glean them
quite as well.

But we'll someday meet together—I can't just now say
when—
We'll hold a family reunion, and talk things over then.

• • • • •

WHEN AUNT MARY LIVED WITH US

And now, may heaven rich blessings, on all your life
bestow;

And in kindness, grace and truth, may you continue to
grow—

Right on, through all the years, unto the evening of
life,

Till the victory is in view, near the end of the strife.

Then, like a pilot of ocean with the dangers all past,
And your ship nearing the haven, with your crew safe
at last,—

You'll find, when well anchored, and call the roll of
all aboard;

That you've a great host of friends, who'll rejoice with
one accord.

But in taking an invoice, of the *goods* you've carried
through,

You'll find some *incidents* and *things*, you can't set
value to;

WHEN AUNT MARY LIVED WITH US

And in your general summing up—in my account and
bill;
Keep *careful record* of the *good*, but *cancel* out the ill.

Then, at the final reckoning, when e'er that time shall
be;
May Heaven kindly deal with you, as you have dealt
with me.



SOME say, “There’s fortune in the Moon,”
Because it shines at night;
That one should see it when it’s new,
And gives a crescent light:
And that the *luck* then much depends,
Upon the line of sight.
You laugh, and say—“Nothing in it”—
“But superstitious blight;”
Yet you’ll somehow, feel the better,
To see it on the *right*.

THE HUMMING BIRD

THERE'S music near my window—
And I answer on tip-toes:
It's a merry little humming-bird,
Visiting a rose.

It lives among the flowers.
And it thrives on nectar sweet:
For its little throat's too dainty
To swallow corn and wheat.

I can't tell just why it is.
But I've thought about it some—
Why other pretty birds can sing.
While it can only hum.

I listen to its music.
And I wish 't would stay for hours:
It seems so like an angel.
Around among the flowers.



OLD "DECK"

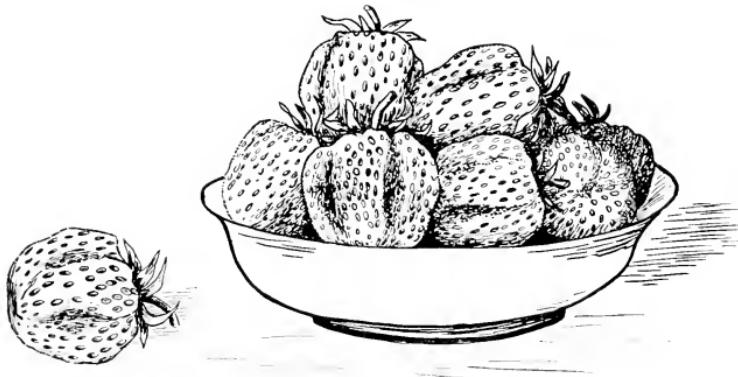
OLD "Deck" was always good and true,
a tried and trusty friend;
With courage strong for any task,
and faithful to the end.
He helped to build my sheds and barns,
—the farm's main-stay each year:
Can I deny him in old age,
a well earned bounty here?
Shall I turn him now to market,
for paltry bits of cash?
To be enslaved in feeble years,
beneath the cruel lash?
I'll deal with him as seemeth just—
as kindly as I can;
For there's sense of *heart* and *feeling*,
in brute as well as man.

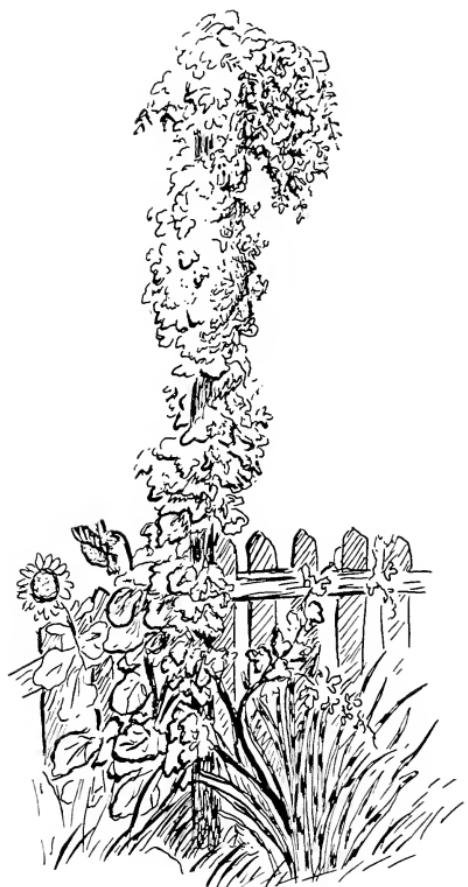
STRAWBERRIES AN' CREAM

WHEN the Creator made the berries,
and had finished all the rest;
He carefully looked them over,
concluding He hadn't done his best.
So He picked out *all* the virtues,
of the whole promiscuous batch;
And just combined them "snug" *in one*,
without a single thorn or scratch.
He gave it lovely color, with a taste and size
that can't be beat;
A splendid acid and aroma,
mixed with lots of juicy sweet.
Then He gave it special preference,
and brought it early as he could;
When He thought we would most appreciate
a berry that was good.
You may talk about confection goods—
all you can draw with a team;
I'd rather have a half a quart
of nice ripe strawberries an' cream.

STRAWBERRIES AN' CREAM

You can eat them at any time,
and always rest at perfect ease;
And as many as you've room for,
and then digest them when you please.
They go right well, when made in *pies, jell,*
canned, short-cake, or taken "straight."
From the "earliest of the season,"
to the last of the "real late."
When sick or well, at meal or lunch,
they are a safe and healthful food;
And although they might have been made better,
I don't see how they could.
It always made my mouth water,
to see the season coming on;
And I'd feel so sort of sad like,
when I would find that it had gone.
And I used to sometimes think,
as I'd wonder how Heaven might seem:
That I, for one'd, be satisfied,
if they'd plenty *strawberries an' cream.*





OUR OLD GARDEN

'TWAS all laid out old fashioned like, with middle
foot paths, crossed both ways;
And the beds raised up with flowers 'long the paths,
way they were those days.

I think about three rods by five, with a hop pole at one
corner;
And some currants, and some gooseberries, around the
outside border:

And some sweet Catawba grapes, which, 'fore they were
ripe, we often tried;
With a couple of little plum trees, over on the other
side.

'Bout garden truck, I mind but little, 'cept we'd every-
thing that's good—
Of all the kinds 'twer up to date, and growed 'em
thrifty as we could.



OUR OLD GARDEN

But gard'nin' time, I haven't forgot—keepin' out chickens—anyhow:

And I think I'd buy my garden truck, were I keepin' chickens now.

For there's somethin' 'bout a garden bed—I've noticed
time and again.—

It's the most attractive spot on earth, to an enter-
prizin' hen.

Yet there's always things that's bright, ling'ring
'round our meditative hours:

And when I think of our old garden, it's those old-
fashioned flowers.

Near the path, right at the center, was that old spiky
Yucca plant:

And another kind, all full of "stickers," I'd like to
name—but can't.

Among the earlies, was "Belle of the Alps"—splittin'
ground like a wedge:

And a lot of little Crocuses, 'long the path, close to the
edge.

OUR OLD GARDEN

And when it came to early risin', other flowers had no show;

They'd display their colors first, if they had to stand right in the snow.

There was every kind of Hyacinths—I always "banked" on them:

With Easter flowers and Tiger Lilies and Stars of Bethlehem.

There were lots of Tulips, of the finest, I've seen none since so nice:

They'd descended from some in Holland, that had sold for awful price.

We'd Sweet Williams, Johnny-Jump-ups, and Jacob's-Ladder by the fence:

With lots of great big Holly-hocks, and when they bloomed, they were immense.

But one thing I didn't care for most the time, was our old Lilac bush:

Yet, for about three weeks in the Spring, those Lilaes were "in the push."

OUR OLD GARDEN

We'd striped Grass, Alpine Stars, and great big Flags,
pretty as they grew;

And I think our Peona's were as large, as any I ever
knew.

Our Lily of the Valley was ever a favorite with me:
'Twas so sweet and gracefully modest, and blessed with
humility.

We'd Roses and Sweet Peas and Carnations, and Morn-
ing Glories too;
With Violets, and double Petunias—finer ones never
grew.

And when we'd visit that Violet bed, so decked with
pure and sweet,
We'd feel as though we had met a friend, we for months
had longed to meet.

There was a host of other kinds, from Poppies to For-
get-me-not:
Including Asters, Dahlias, and King's Crown, and some
that I've forgot.

OUR OLD GARDEN

And while there are a few new fangled kinds, that's
nice and last for hours;—

*For good, sound, true, wearing quality—stick to old-
fashioned flowers.*

Those old time gardens are 'bout all gone, by some
thirty years at best;

And the Queens of toil who tilled them, have mostly
reached their final rest.

Yet I fancy now in their sleep, they'll glean dreams
from mem'ry's lardens;

Making many pleasant journeys, 'long the paths in their
old gardens.

And were I to plan a paradise, with all things as I'd
propose:

I'd seed it down to Lily of Valley, with now and then
a rose.

I'd have some yards of Hyacinths, and some beds of
violets too;

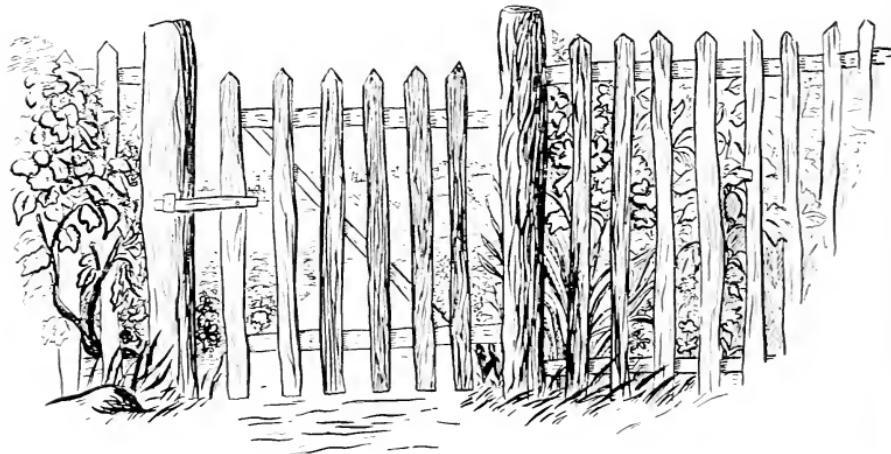
With Tulips and Carnations, and lots more, I 'spect,
'fore I'd get through.

OUR OLD GARDEN

I'd have beautiful vines and trees, with blooming
shrubs and lots of birds;
And fill it with rapturesome sight and song, one can't
describe in words.

Then, to the graduated ones of earth, I'd give invitation;
To make my garden their headquarters, in times of re-
creation.

For there's *one* thing I'd *much* desire, though I don't
quite know how to tell—
That those faithful toilers sometimes see the flowers
they've loved so well.



*Good stories and jokes often help in their way,
To lighten our burdens on a busy day:
But contemptible thrusts, like wild oats, bring care
To their sower, who will reap the larger share.*

COLLOQUIAL

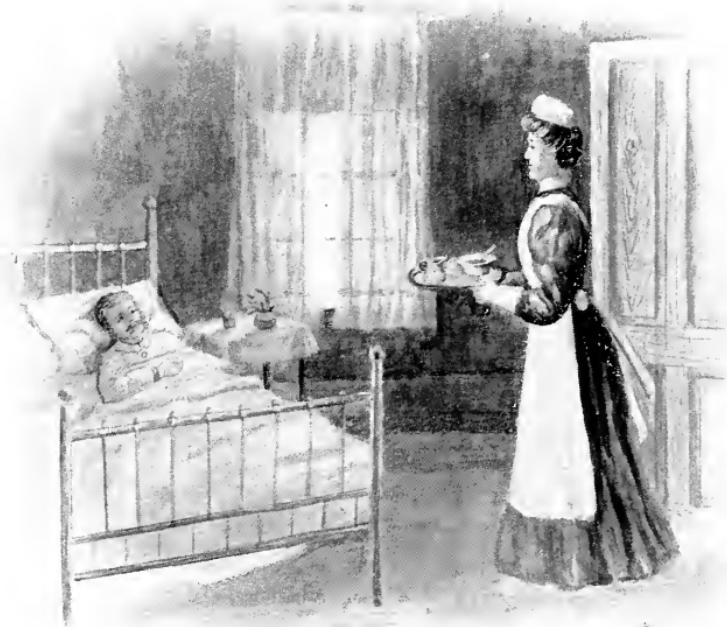
SELF-CONTROL *is the key
To all successful conquest:
To THINK, SPEAK and ACT,
In regular order, is best.*

*Though nature provides round trips,
For venturesome young birds,
Heaven itself, can't return
Our hasty, unwise words.*

*Harsh words beget anger;
They are destructive powers:
While kindness builds friendship,
And soothes in bitter hours.*

*No demand is so urgent,
Nor is time e'er so fleet:
Nor conditions so tense,
But that it pays to "keep sweet."*





Alice's
Sister

THE PROFESSIONAL NURSE

THIS taking care of sick folks,
Isn't an easy thing to do:
For it's a life of labor
And self sacrifice, *all through.*

Sometimes things go 'long *real* nice,
Then again, they go *all wrong*:
One day, your patient's better,
And the next—not quite so strong.

And mixed up with your worry,
There's a 'bunch' of things to do;
Requiring tact and genius,
And some good religion too.

It takes a *lot* of patience,
And a right good bit of strength:
And nice supplies of courage,
To hold out the full year's length.

THE PROFESSIONAL NURSE

There's *other* 'callings,' trying;
Some, in this respect, are worse:
But it takes a lot of grace,
To make a real good nurse.—

And, methinks, at judgment day,
When we're called to—'pay our fare,'
That nurses should get in free,
And receive the best that's there.

For of *all* the folks I know,
'Mong the small, or 'mong the great:
There's *none* that's *more* deserving,
Of a "pass" through heaven's gate.



I WATCHED a brilliant, falling star;
'Tis said, "They sometimes foretell war."
It burst o'erhead, when tree-top high;
'Twas late at eve, 4th of July.

'TATER DIGGIN'

I DON'T mind the plantin' of 'em,
ner fittin' up the ground;
But the thing I dread the most,
 is when diggin' time comes 'round.
I kind o' like to hoe 'em,
 when the ground's nice an' meller,
An' the rows all blossomed out,
 in white, an' pink an' yeller—
But when they're starvin' in the weeds,
 er loaded down with bugs,
It's a business proposition,
 er a pound er two o' drugs.
I don't mind the Colorado's,
 they're slow, most half asleep;
It's them old-fashioned runnin' kind,
 that comes in droves like sheep.
Pizen haint much 'flect on them,
 more'n to stimulate 'em some—
So's them that's here to-day, don't leave much
 fer what's yit to come.

'TATER DIGGIN'

Lime an' insect powder, 'pears only
sharpens up their claws;
An' paris-green, jist seems to ile
an' limber up their jaws.
You've got to git a bunch o' weeds,
er broom, er old shot-gun,
An' git up some excitement,
when they'll soon be on the run.
Then plough a furrie, er sprinkle
kerosene 'round the lot;
'Twont always keep 'em back,
fer they kin fly, as well as trot.

But when you're rid of bugs an' weeds,
your 'tater crop's all right—
'Till they take to dwindlin' down,
as if 'fected with th' blight.
Then's when I'd like to go
on a picnic er excursion;
Er to a circus, er a fair,
jist fer a diversion.

But pap's "made out" they're ripe,
an' he's startin' in to dig 'em:
An' I've a wooden bucket,
fer I'm the chap's to pick 'em.

'TATER DIGGIN'

He's fearin' too, 'bout signs o' rain—
 tho' not a cloud in sight:
Sayin' ' 'twould never do to risk
 the 'taters out at night:''
An' urgin' me to hustle,
 "the sooner done, the quicker;"
But never says a word.
 'bout havin' another picker.
An' keeps right on a diggin',
 like a beaver in the Fall:
Givin' me no ghost of chance.
 to ever ketch up at all.

The patch is mostly clear of filth.
 jist here an' there a weed:
Er a tickle grass er fox tail.
 a hangin' out to seed.
But it seems good bit wider.
 an' the rows most twice as long:
As they were at plantin' time.
 —er when the bugs wuz gone.
An' there's 'taters 'mongst the clods.
 an' pebbles in my boots—
An' some's all full o' knots.
 an' others hangin' by the roots.

'TATER DIGGIN'

An' fer every six er eight,
that's nice, an' smooth, an' big,
There's twice as many 'little rats',
it hardly pays to dig.

Sometimes it's nice to have "*full swing*"—
Christmas time I'd ruther;
But when 'tater-diggin' comes,
I wish I had a brother.

I don't mind the plantin' of 'em,
ner fittin' up the ground:
But the thing I dread the most,
is when diggin' time comes 'round.



A GREAT ARTIST

THERE'S an artist at my window,
Whose given name's "Jack Frost";
He's making pretty pictures,
And he makes them free of cost.

Sometimes he's making clouds and stars;
Again it's plants and trees:
And I think he makes the finest ferns,
One most ever sees.

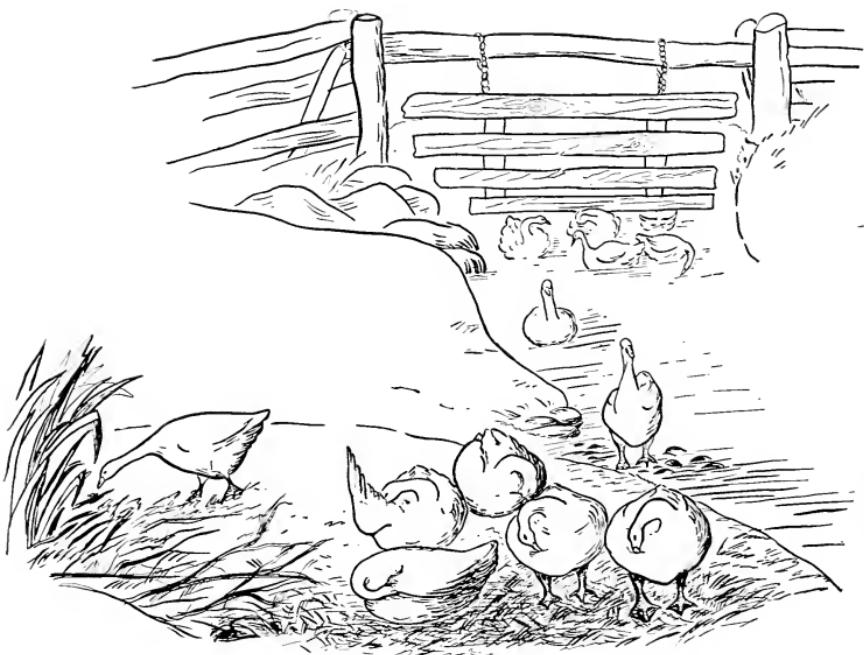
He works them up from out-lines,
And he makes them clear and true;
And he seems to work so easy.
And oft' right speedy too.

He don't dabble with the brush
—To make his work look right;
In various mixed-up colors,
But sticks right down to white.

And he's got a reputation,
One might be proud to own:
As the greatest window artist,
The world has ever known.

*I CAST a loaf upon the sea—
'Twas quickly swept away;
And I wondered where that loaf might be,
At the close of day.*

*At eventide, I stood at shore.—
Recounting the joy and pain;
When, full measure, to my hand,—and MORE,
That loaf returned again.*





M A Y

THERE is a happy lot of birds and bees,
Singing and buzzing in the apple trees;
Their tongues are laden with mirth and honey,
While the farmer's *talk* is "full of money—"
He ploughs and cultivates and plants his best,
And good dame nature kindly does the rest.

The season's crawled out of its Winter's sleep,
And seems wading in health, clear up, chin deep;
She has renewed her youthfulness again,
And's more lib'ral with sunshine, dew and rain;
While stretching the days to a greater length,
She's feeding all things on vigor and strength;
The leaves, that's been unfolding in the woods,
Are shining bright and clean as brand new goods.

MAY

The wood-chuck, that's now so sleek and so gay,
Makes more shadow 'n he did on ground-hog day;
The snickering squirrels skip o'er the logs,
Merry and chipper as the meadow frogs;
The wood-pecker's diggin' with all his might,
To secure a location out of sight—
While the robin's warbling his level best,
To encourage his mate that's on the nest.

Geese, that's claimed the barn all Winter, 's forgot,
Id'ling away time in the pasture lot.
The rooster 's more early, 'n lots more to say,
And crow's twice as often every day.
Things are full of mischief—chuck full of fun,
From the chip-munk to suckers in the "run"—
For it's the jolly month of May, you see,
And everything's happy as it can be.



*WOULD you win in conflict, earth's rich rewards,
And be successful in the strife?
Be prompt and thorough and systematic,
In every affair of life.*

HE WILL FILL OUR WORLD WITH SONG

ALL of our trials and sorrows,
Our little mistakes, and their tears—
The hopes and ambitions blighted,
We've cherished and nourished for years—
The little griefs and disappointments,
Which seem so hard to forget—
Take them all—to the Fountain of Grace;
It never has failed us yet.

'The little keen annoyances,
With all their pains and heartaches now—
And the little vexing discords,
Which deepen the lines in our brow—
Why not leave them all with the One,
Who is ever willing and strong?
He will tune our hearts to nature's music,
And fill our world with song.



A JUVENILE HISTORY OF THE CREATION

WHEN all the elements were free,
and roaming wild around in space:
The Creator organized a plan,
to bring them all in place.—

A JUVENILE HISTORY OF THE CREATION

There was nothing then to pattern from,
for everything was raw;
So He started systematic,
and kept his books by natural law.

He mapped out His own curriculum,
and begun things right away;—
With him, a day was but a moment,
and a thousand years a day.

Then, He figured out some formulae
based on rules He'd studied well;
And experimented making spheres,—
just how long, I cannot tell.

Of these, He made a multitude,
with variations of the rule:
And polished most of them like diamonds,
but kept one, for His foot-stool.

Those He had brightened, He stationed apart,
some distance off in space;—
And started them revolving 'round,
with lawful, systematic grace.

A JUVENILE HISTORY OF THE CREATION

At once, there sprung up rivalry,
'mongst these spheres for admiration;
And those that could outshine the rest,
ranked of course, in higher station.

A favored one outshone them all,
and the Creator named him Sun;
And He bade all the rest show him respect,
in all their journey's run.

The most of them He called planets;
some favored few got special names—
The little ones He called his stars,
and gave them space to play their games.

Then, He issued special orders,
that Sun, by day, should give the light;
And He told the rest, if they'd keep the rule,
that they might shine at night.

He gave his foot-stool special preference,
and named it Mother earth:
And said, that while she dressed quite plain,
they'd all appreciate her worth.

A JUVENILE HISTORY OF THE CREATION

He told them all about his plan,
 that each of them should help along;
That here on Earth He'd build a *world*,
 and intended to build it strong.

Sun boiled the water in the Sea,
 and carried it over the land;
And, with other agents helping,
 began converting rocks to sand.

The Creator sent the sand to valleys,
 and mixed it with the clay;
And begun general farming,
 in his own good natural way.

He sowed broad-cast some grain and nuts,
 —and various kinds of seeds:
Part grew up to useful plants and trees,
 others merely came to weeds.

There were some that seemed to grow the best,
 in a cold and dreary spot:—
While others flourished in a climate,
 that was mostly damp and hot.

A JUVENILE HISTORY OF THE CREATION

He made all the plants and trees,
in as many sizes as he could;
A few, he made for ornament,
but most of them, he made for food.

And he filled the world with animals,
of every form and size:
The most of them could see or walk—
a few, that had no legs nor eyes.

Many he made to live in water,
whether fresh or salt or stale;
From the minutest little wiggler,
to the biggest kind of whale.

A few, he made to creep on land;
others, so they could walk about;
There were some quite wee and feeble;
a few were very large and stout.

Some he made to fly in the air,
and live in rocks and crags and trees;
Adapted to all kinds of climate,
from the mountains to the seas.

A JUVENILE HISTORY OF THE CREATION

A few of these he attired in colors,
 quite beautiful and grand;
Some, for protection, he dressed more plain,
 —color of the rocks and land.

'Mongst all his animal creations,
 of each kind he made a pair;
And gave to them their special names,
 and blessed them with his kindly care.

He started all the animals,
 on a scientific ration;
Some lived on meat from others,
 but most of them on vegetation.

And he planned things so that neither kind,
 could monopolize the earth;—
When one would get a bit ahead,
 he soon could check them with a dearth.

And though He'd gotten things well started,
 He hadn't quite finished his plan:
So combining genius with experience,
 He made the species *man*.

A JUVENILE HISTORY OF THE CREATION

Naming the *man* pair Adam and Eve,
He placed them in His garden:
Under rules and regulations,
in charge of the gen'ral warden.

To accomodate his animals,
He made one general rule—
That if they were n't pleased where it was warm,
they might go where it was cool.

Where their legs and necks were too short,
He gradually made them longer:
And fixed things so the young and weak
were protected by the stronger.

A few odd special ones. He found too slow
to keep up in the race:
So he planned ahead for others.
to some time later take their place.

But there was one He couldn't control,
and finally determined to leave:
Which has since become identified,
with biography of Eve.

A JUVENILE HISTORY OF THE CREATION

Then He took a day's vacation,
when he had done 'bout all he could;
And carefully looked the whole field over,
concluding all was good.

And according to some records,
which He'd kept in various ways,
He had finished up all his creations,
in less than seven days.



*WHEN God made all the creatures—
Whether they walk or fly,
He gave to them their likes and tastes,
The same as you and I.
He blessed them with that love and fear,
With which our hearts He'd fill;
He made us all, one family here,—
The children of His Will.*



OUR TEETOTALER

HE had come out from the Forest City, to get a breath of air;

He'd "been, for years, shut in a store-room, selling various kinds of ware."

"Close and steady confinement, with long and strenuous business hours;"

Had begun to show upon his health, and undermine his powers.

OUR TEETOTALER

His friends unitedly agreed, “he’d better take a vacation;”

And go straight to the country, and try some out-door occupation.

He said he’d “come from the City,” and that his name was Lakeville Grout;

And that he’d “kind of got run down,” and that he “wasn’t so very stout.”

But that he thought “the country air, with exercise” would do him good;

That he could “do most anything, from building fires to chopping wood.”

That if we “would give him a job,” he “could start in that very day;”

That he’d “be well satisfied,” with whatever we felt we could pay.

He said we’d been recommended; that he heard we needed a hand;

That he was pleased with our surroundings, and liked the lay of our land.

OUR TEETOTALER

He said he'd been "raised in the mountains, of the grand old Keystone State;"

Where they "earn their bread by the sweat o' their brow," and "always give good weight."

We tested his temper that afternoon—and got its color grade;

For the harvest field late in July, is *not* blessed with store-room shade.

We "broke him in" cradling timothy seed.—he wilted in the race;

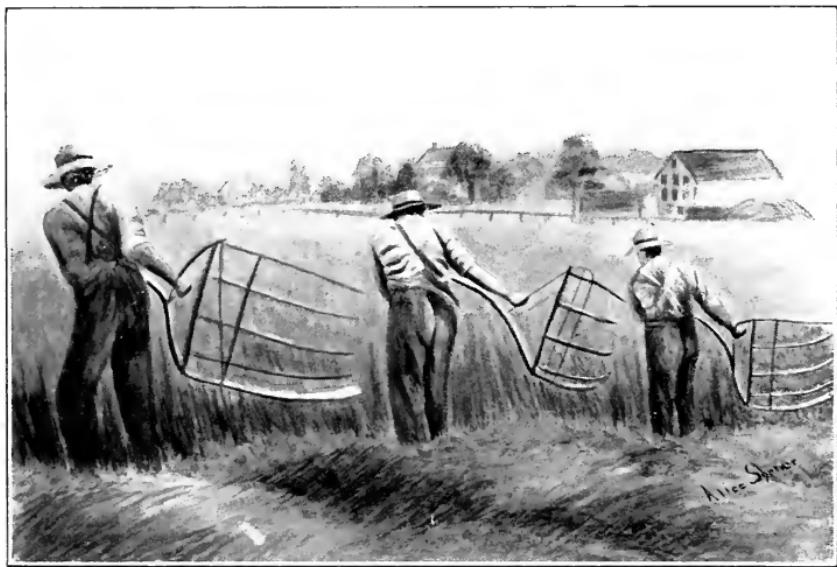
But, from that day *on*, he proved stout and strong, and always held his place.

We all "took to him" from the start, and were glad to have him with us;

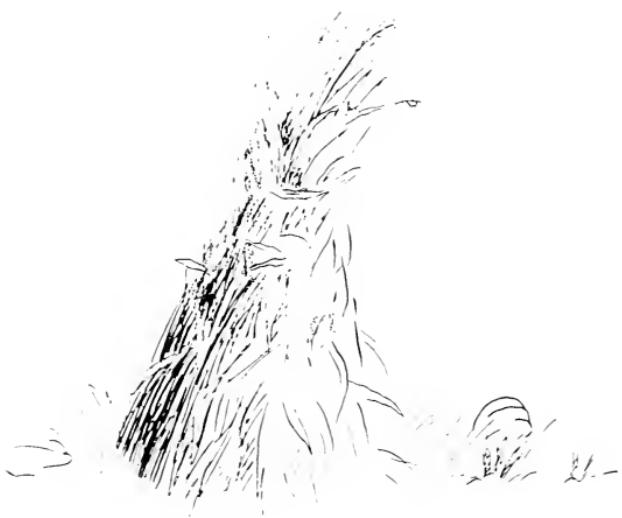
He was efficient in his work, and mingled with it, cheerfulness.

He had nice supplies of energy, genius and application;

And was a splendid visitor, with great funds of information.



Alice Dunbar



OUR TEETOTALER

He'd been through the great rebellion, and loved to talk
both war and peace;
From the breaking up of China, down to the politics
of Greece.

But his most favorite subjects, were temperance and
religion;
For he said, "things in the City had got in a bad con-
dition."

And that "Satan held a mortgage, on some whole busi-
ness blocks and streets:"
And even "in the city council, controlled some popular
seats."

He spoke about the City Missions, and the work they
had to do;
Of splendid efforts they'd put forth, and of their cour-
age brave and true.

He mentioned Francis Murphey,—what a blessing to the
world he'd been;
And how he had blocked the way to ruin, and saved so
many men.

OUR TEETOTALER

Sometimes he'd speak about the judgment, but more
'bout heavenly things;
And would frequently refer, to the time when we'd
be wearin' wings.

But some, among us, had suspicions, and discussed them
now and then;
Which were mostly based on conversation, whilst out
amongst the men.

That while Grout was bright and quite well posted, and
always full of cheer;—
There was something about his moralizin', that didn't
seem sincere.

But Aunt Jane, who was living with us, protested be-
yond a doubt—
That there "wasn't," in all the country, a better man
than Lakeville Grout."

That "his blessing at the table was the best she had
ever heard;
And came the nearest to fulfilling the injunctions of
the Word."

OUR TEETOTALER

That, “according to the *scriptures*, a man with thoughts
so broad and deep,
Would certainly, at the final roll-call, be counted with
the sheep.”

But Nathan Squires, our milk route man, who’d just
come in from doing chores;
Said he “believed no bigger hypocrite, was runnin’
loose out doors.”

“And concernin’ Aunt Jane’s final “round up,” *he’d*
“bet a peck of oats”—
“That when the flock was all divided, *he’d* be runnin’
with the goats.”

But it seldom pays to argue, ’bout other people’s faults
and ways;
For we all, each, have kinks and traits, which in others
we would not praise.

Yet Grout was losing interest, in Church as well as
Sunday-school;
Which was altogether contrary, to his former general
rule.

OUR TEETOTALER

He said little 'bout City Missions, and less of the temperance fight:

He was falling off in reading, too, and away much more at night.

But things were gradually coming on, that would test the matter straight;

And which later changed some good opinions, at quite a rapid rate.

Squires' claimed, he'd "found bottles in the barn—lying on the rafter plate;"

That "hidin' things that way, was a confirmed, old-fashioned, "bluffers" trait."

That Grout was associating, "mongst *some* who liked *their* toddy too;"

And that "we'd all find out before winter," that what he said, was true.

We were fairly commenced husking corn, and with several hired hands;

Had just finished eating dinner, and were out fixing fodder bands.

OUR TEETOTALER

The boys had made some Rambo cider, and thought
we ought to try it;
That "it would do us little good, if we never would
go nigh it."

But while 'twas running, Grout said,—'twas "a thing
one should, by rights, let pass;"
But that, "for the sake of harmony," he would "try
a half a glass."

He kind o' squirmed, and looked surprised; he said
'twas "stout,"—'twas four days old.
He stated too, " 'twould be good, he thought, "for a
man that had a cold."

We kept our cider in the cellar, with two big wide open
doors;
Right out in front, next to the path, where we'd come
in from doing chores.

While the cider was fermenting, we'd fill the barrels
every day;
But the thing that was surprising, was how that cider'd
dry away.

OUR TEETOTALER

We carefully examined the barrels, and we could find
no flaws;

But on a sill, behind the barrels, we found a few long
wheat straws.

We 'mongst us, planned some local schemes, and
watched to see how they might work;

And before night, that very day, we trapped our Forest
City Clerk.

Aunt Jane went in hysterics;—'twas a secret, now no
longer hid;

'Twas plainly seen, that while Lake Erie *never got*
dry—“Lake” Grout did.

He'd brought his passion to the country, where he
thought 'twould do no harm;

But when Satan owns a man, HE'S GOT HIM;—*in town*
or on the farm.

And though he had many virtues, his taste for drink
was in control:

And drove him on, from bad to worse, until he reached
the drunkard's goal.

OUR TEETOTALER

He was devoted to his family, providing as best he could:

From his life, we might all glean lessons, which perhaps would do us good.

He had sown, reaped, and garnered, some wild and vigorous crops of oats;

Leaving fortunes in experience, but none in real estate or notes.



*ONE eve, a tiny little mousie
Spied a bit of cheese;
The which, he found, by looking 'round,
He could secure with ease.*

*Mousie's mother cured him up.
But it took her more'n a day;
And now, when mousie spies some cheese,
He turns and skips away.*



TO THE SERPENT OF THE CUP

O H, Cruel Monster! Why wrench
God's image from the clay?
It's just as dear to him now,
as when in childhood's day,
He stamped the mark of character
upon that young face,
And bade the youth beneath it,
grow up to manhood's grace:

TO THE SERPENT OF THE CUP

And planted within his heart,
 those intuitions strong,
Which glean from nature's music,
 life's treasury of song.
And he put inside his breast
 a courage true and brave—
Oh! Vicious Demon! By what power
 dost thou hold him slave?
Who knew, that with his strength,
 thou couldst drag him to this end?
Thou Fickle Fiend! It's by this process,
 thou art his friend!

Most Wily Serpent! What subtle means
 doth bring thee gain?
It's *life's spirit*, thou hast stolen
 from the golden grain;
Converting it, by the fiery fumes
 of Satan's breath,
Into thy *Essence of Crime*, and thy
 Tincture of Death.
Then dost thou don attractive colors,
 blending with song,
And with cunning speech.—
 concealing all pretense of wrong.

TO THE SERPENT OF THE CUP

Thou Stealthy Villain! By such means
hast thou built this snare,
To win men captive, with all
their life's promised welfare!

Thy slave hath served thee well,
to the limit of his strength;
Retain him in thy grasp,
but hold him at full arms length.

Thou art honest now,—
Thou hast his means,—leave him to fate;
His reward, the Grave; His premium, Death;—
with no rebate.



*THE highest aim one can achieve,
Is to be wise and true:
For these, bring all the world can give,
With heaven's promise too.*

SPRING TIME

SOME sing of the Autumn, when the leaves turn gold:

But I sing of the Spring-time, when they unfold.
When Winter is over, and beauties are showing,
And buds and blossoms are swelling and blowing;
The Black-birds and Thrushes are merrily singing,
And the forest, with their music, is ringing:
The hills and the valleys, in luxurious bloom,
Are filling the air with their sweet perfume;—
While the fields are smiling, in the sunshine and rain,
Foretelling abundantly, the harvest again.

O, Joyous Spring-time! Sweet Goddess of the year!
To thy beauty I cling, as I cherish thy cheer;
For thy musical grandeur, of soul thrilling part,
Is ever sweet to my life, and dear to my heart.
There's joy at the reaping, when harvest is *made*;
But there's *more* in the promise of blossom and blade.
There's cheer in Autumn, for the weak and the strong;
Yet, 'tis doubled in Spring-time, with beauty and song.
Ah, the Spring-time grandeur, with its flowers and
birds,
There's no artist can picture, in colors or words!

SPRING-TIME

O! glorious season of promise and mirth!
O'erladen with joy, for all creatures on earth:
Though, with gold of the Summer, and feast of the
fall,

I yet love thy sweet presence more than they all.
Oh, with thee would I dwell, for ever and aye;
Passing, finally, from earth, in Spring-time, away,—
With birds and blossoms, *the abiding* to keep,
While my soul slips away, at the still quiet sleep,—
To awake with the dawn of the morning of love,
In the beautiful *Spring-time eternal*, above.



THE SHEPHERD'S REALM

*THE Shepherd is a kindly, thoughtful man, with
large and tender heart;
And an ever-present willingness, to in all things do his
part.*

*He quite well appreciates the force of environments in
life;
And he sees and feels, the pains and griefs, of those
weaker in the strife.*

He is ever regardful of his flock, and counts the time
well spent,
Which he devotes in planning, for their highest, best de-
velopment.

He will always treat them kindly, and make them happy
as he can;
For that is both food and medicine, good for bird or
beast or man.

THE SHEPHERD'S REALM

And when he finds they're getting weary of the same
old pasture lot.

He will plan to sort of change them 'round, to a more
congenial spot.

And though the pasture be no better, yet he finds it does
them good:

If it's only a change of scenery, 'twill help digest their
food.

Quiet surroundings he'll seek for them, with plenty of
good water,

And nice supplies in winter, of suitable kinds of pro-
vender.

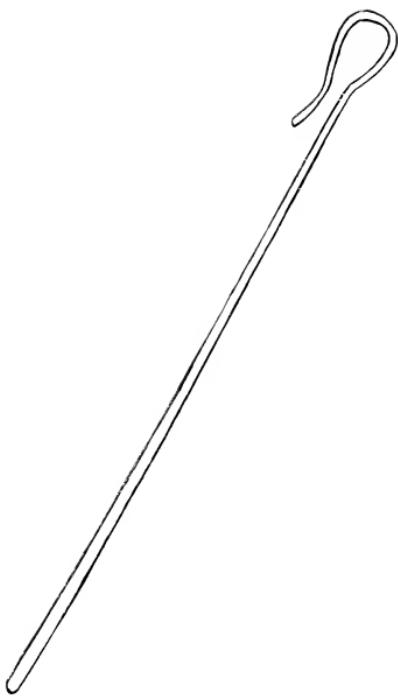
He'll plan some special care and quarters, for the young
and weak and old:

To better protect them, in bad weather, from rain and
storm and cold.

For the little lambs, his heart is open: he is their faith-
ful friend:

To accommodate their needs and wants, he holds ready
hands to lend.





THE SHEPHERD'S REALM

He finds investments, in his flock, returning interest
profit, good;

Whilst ridding land of filthy weeds, they've furnished
him both clothes and food.

*With habits, tasty, neat, and clean, loving peace and
avoiding strife,—*

*The sheep doth set his master good example, safe to hold
through life.*

The Shepherd's calling is a noble one, of highest rank
in state,

And in all history, associated with the good and great.

Abraham, with his flocks and herds, sought out the ways
of greater worth,—

And founded and established the most favored, chosen
race on earth.

'Twas the Shepherd lad, from Judea's hills, slew the
giant with a sling;

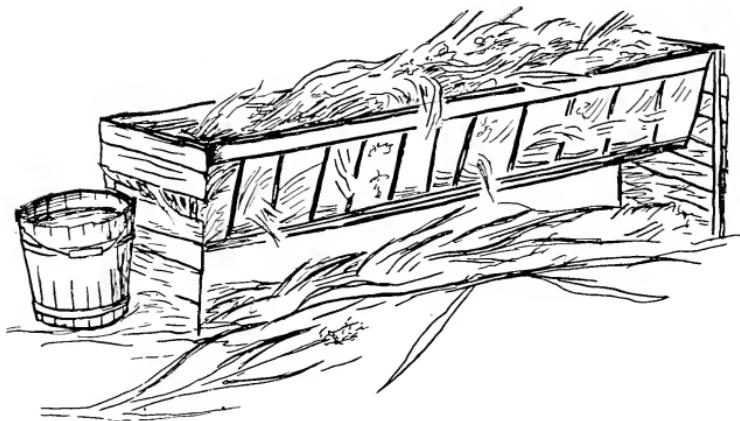
Becoming Israel's protector, and later—her greatest
King.

THE SHEPHERD'S REALM

'Twas the foremost Shepherd of Virginia, whose given name was George,
Became the "Father of his Country"—the hero of Valley Forge.

Earth's once strong maritime power, sold her sheep for fleets and conquest whips:
A great nation got her sheep, bought her land, then sunk her battleships.

Sheep have accompanied each advance in civilization's tread;
Good fortune following that people, with plenty of flocks well fed.



*THE pansies look like children,
But they can not walk;
They seem so bright and cheerful,
Though they can not talk:
Yet they whisper softly,
In thoughts so tender true,—
Words of heavenly love,
Sent down for me and you.*



OUR BIG NEWFOUNDLAND PUP

WE had all been wishing we owned a dog, for nigh
almost a year;
And we kind o' thought we'd like one, the neighbor's
stock, and tramps, would fear.

We'd heard of a man who kept Newfoundlands, about
five miles away;
So one morning I harnessed a horse, and drove up there
in the sleigh.

I found a nice, sleek, batch of pups—a quite attractive,
jolly pack;
One or two had marks of white, but the most of them
were coaly black.

My choice of the lot had four white feet, and was white
across the breast—
Awkward, modest, heavy bones—I figured that he'd
beat all the rest.

OUR BIG NEWFOUNDLAND PUP

I filled a basket with the pup, and emptied out my
pocket book;
And when I turned him loose at home, you ought to've
seen the family look.

He seemed to win the household heart, from the minute
he landed there;
And to trespass lease, on farm and patience, we 'lowed
him liberal share.

*For one can't help sympathize with innocent pups in
all their strife;
Blessed with sense of appreciation, so beyond their
sphere in life.*

I got a strap and a copper ring, and made for him a
collar;
He was always bright and cheerful, but, betimes, a little
“holler.”

His first meal, was a pint of milk—it seemed a plenty
for a pup;
But he lapped it down so rapid quick, he almost swal-
lowed the cup.

OUR BIG NEWFOUNDLAND PUP

*Each pup has points of strength, I've heard it said, unless he is a scrub;
And this pup's stronghold, right from the start, was capacity for grub.*

We named him Benjamin Franklin, because he always looked so wise;
And what he lacked in wisdom's ways, we thought he might make up in size.

He was blessed with humbleness, a kindly modesty and grace—
Virtues, seldom o'er prevailing, even amongst the human race.

And although the preface of a book, don't tell how the story ends;
Yet there were none who ever met that pup, but what he made them friends.

He seemed to have two aims in life—the one, to eat, the other, grow;
And we tried to accommodate him,—far as our supplies would go.

OUR BIG NEWFOUNDLAND PUP

His tastes were suited to most everything,—cooked plain, or dressed, or raw;
So when it came to choosing food, his storage limit was his law.

Mother'd fix up his meals, of bread, meat-victuals, and pastry galore;
He would gulp them down like water-spouts, then anxiously look for more.

He could eat more fried potatoes in a day, than we'd get pared at night;—
And we seldom had meat enough at once, to please his appetite.

He never got the dyspepsia, and was always hearty and strong;
With his constitution perfect, his appetite never went wrong.

When he was two years old, he weighed just one hundred and fifty-four;
Had he always had all he could eat, he, perhaps, would have weighed more.

OUR BIG NEWFOUNDLAND PUP

He remained, through life, a devoted friend, faithful to
all around:

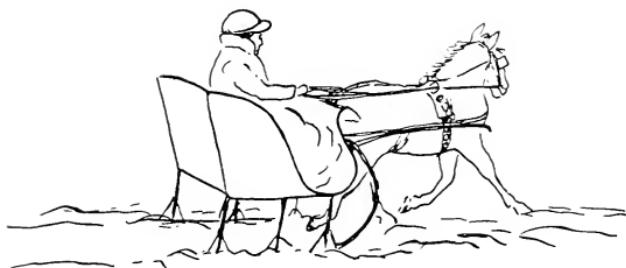
Now he sleeps, 'neath the shade of an oak, in his favorite
hunting ground.

But I've learned a lesson, that will last to the longest
day I live;

And if there's value in experience, I've this advice to
give:

That when your salary's running *low*, and provision
things are "*up*,"

Think twice, before you undertake to raise a *big Newfoundland Pup*.



*FRIENDSHIP can add no value to advice;
'Tis knowledge, gives it worth.
'Tis crime, with weak advice, to mislead
A brother by race or birth.*

THE PILGRIMAGE

WHEN an Angel from heaven comes down to our race,
God hides him beneath a child's sweet kindly face;
And he puts into his hands, some keys from above,
To open our hearts to his *mission of love*.

In performing his mission, he doth weaker grow,
For *good* that he scatters, and *bad* that we sow.
And the bliss of innocence, with all of its joys,
Begins to wane away, as tools succeed toys.

And, as the morning of life crowds into mid-day,
And our *burdens* and *cares* heap up in their way,
And our *trials* and our *grieves* spring up, like *tall weeds*.
To infest the *good soil* with *their evil seeds*:

Then our Courage and our Faith are tried at full length,
When, perchance, Divine Love comes to test *its strength*.
For God has a way of making the good, more sweet.
By an occasional taste of *bitter meat*.

THE PILGRIMAGE

But then, methinks, that there will come a time some day,

When our sorrows and tears shall be swept away;

When the bliss of our youth will again come around,
And sing to us—“The lost is found.”

When the storm of the voyage has about passed o'er,
And our Craft is nearing to the other shore,
Then joy, from high heaven, will life's evening greet;
To our soul's contentment, and happiness sweet.

It is God's choicest *Gift*, he reserves to the last,
For those who have conquered the difficult past.
And, as the peace of God's love, doth by his own leave,
Like the twilight of morn, return in the eve,—
So the Angel Smile, of that “child's sweet kindly face,”
Will return to the pilgrim—“Saved by Grace.”





MY COMPENSATION

I FED and raised a little lamb—
It seemed so dear to me;
It loved to play and stay about,
Wherever I might be.

It quickly grew to be a sheep,
The finest on the farm;—
'Twas sold, to slaughter in the town,
Though it had done no harm!

My heart o'er-flowed with grief and tears,—
Hearts *stouter*, argued *calm*—
And *promised* me, when Spring-time came,
Another orphan lamb.

I WATCHED a mother wren,
With little infant birds:
How she'd sing, now and then,
In notes, though not in words.
By day she brought them food,
And kept them warm at night;
And taught them all she could,
Till they were safe in flight.

TRUTH

T RUTH is an eternal thing,—
It somehow never dies;
You may crush it oft to earth,
Yet it will always rise.

While deception may to-day,
Travel a good strong pace;
You'll always find to-morrow—
That *Truth* has won the race.

It is plainly nature's law,
Divinely, Heaven's *will*.
Though earth's armies *all* combine,
Truth will survive them still.



A NOVEMBER COINCIDENT

THERE'S a time 'long in November,
When the weather "goes to sticks;"
The clouds and wind get frustrated,
And there's lots of things to fix.

It's when husking time is over,
And the crops are gathered in;
The garden truck 's in the cellar,
And the apples in the bin.

It's when corn cakes are at their best,
And the Syrup's running slow;
With the smell of powder in the air,
And quail tracks in the snow.

A NOVEMBER COINCIDENT

It's when mince pies are ripening.
And the kraut is getting good:
While the fire is snapping hungry.
With the wood-house full of wood.

It's when Lima beans and hickory nuts,
Are stowed away in sacks;
And the rabbits take their biggest leaps.
To make a few less tracks.

It's when the farm's skimmed clean and bare,
Keeping promise made in June:
And everything is sleek and fat.
From the house cat to the coon.

It's when sheds and barns look thrifty.
As the English sparrow crop:
And the house "chucked" with things to eat.
From the bottom to the top.

It's when the turkeys roost up high.—
To make it *safér living*:
And we all count the season's nigh—
Our annual Thanksgiving.

LEGAL AND MEDICAL CLOTH

THERE are quite a few lawyers, “liars,” and plenty of Doctors, “quacks;”
But it’s as true in other callings, *they’ve got their* “scape-goats” and “jacks.”

The professions of medicine and law, are the greatest on earth;
Because they reach us at the times, we most appreciate real worth.

And, to saddle all the trickery, on a few that’s stout and strong,—
Isn’t quite the thing to do, when the credit to them, don’t all belong.

But the stealthy “*pettifogger*,” and the vicious “*pizen mixer*,”
Are dangerous chaps to have around, distributing their elixir.

LEGAL AND MEDICAL CLOTH

While the honorable lawyer, and the Doctor, conscientious true,—

Are blessings to society, which we can set no value to.

The world, to these, doth owe a debt, which moneyed values cannot meet;

For life and fortune, are to us each, most immeasurably sweet.

And I think at the final roll-call, in the place we hope to be;

That we'll find some Doctors and some Lawyers, will be admitted free.



*ONE morn, ‘I breathed upon the air, a song;’
'Twas carried away, by the current strong:
Like the dew of morn, it passed with the day,—
Its place I knew not, nor whither its way.
Midst life’s turmoils, it was forgotten then;
But it cheered my heart, like a sunbeam, when,
From a message at eve’, sent by a friend,
I gleaned the song, ‘from beginning to end.’*

MELON TIME

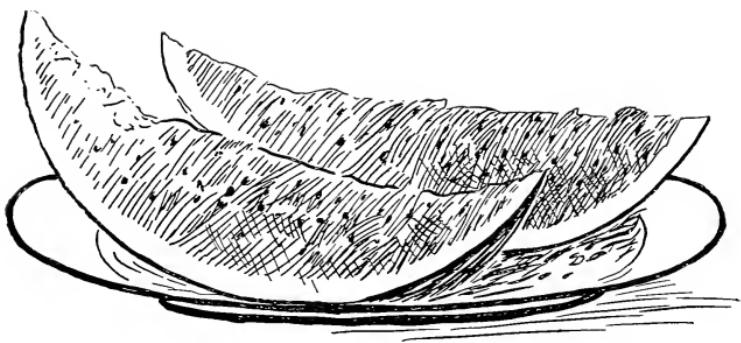
I T'S when dog-days is at their best, an' the sun is
boilin' hot,—
That you'll have that intense longin', fer a cool an'
shady spot.

An' you'll feel so empty weary, with a dryness in your
throat;
It's *then*, you'd mark your ticket *wet*, if you had a
chance to vote.

When everything is filled with dust, an' the streams
is turnin' dry;
With nothin' 'pearin' in the heavens, but *sun* an' clear
blue sky:

When the earth is all cracked open, an' the leaves is
all turned up,
An' a whole cornfield hain't sap enough to fill a chinny
cup;





MELON TIME

An' your tongue is cringin' parched, an' you feel salivated through;

Your stummick's tuned fer somethin' damp, an' you're conscientious too,—

You'll investigate the soothin' things, of every kind an' grade;

But nothin' else will fill the bill, like nice, sweet melons an' shade.

There's lots of things that's good at Christmas, but this is not their time;

An' things that's good Thanksgivin'—jist now, ain't worth a dime.

Nature's planned a time fer melons, like all else that's good on earth;

An' brings 'em at a season, when we appreciate their worth.

They're made of—mostly water, when other things is—mostly dry;

They're seasoned aromatic, an' colored up to please the eye.

MELON TIME

There's no more pleasant antidote, fer a day of Summer heat,

Than a nice, sweet, juicy melon, in a shady, cool retreat.

Some claim, that they might be improved, but *why*,
they'll give no reason:

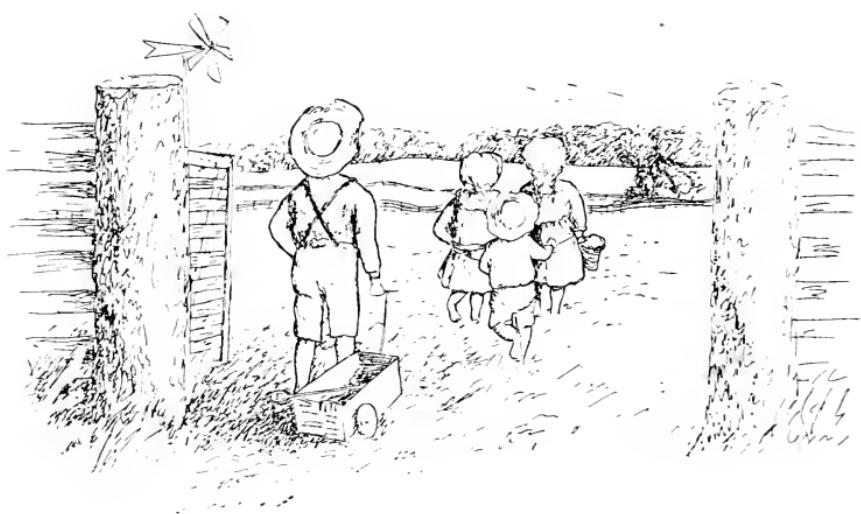
Fer it's hard to make things better, that's suited to their season.

Talk about your luxuries, an' all the holidays that's made,—

I'll bunch mine all up together, in nice sweet melons,
an' shade.



*“THERE is no place like Home,” in life,
When away from Home you’ve been;
If closed against a world of Strife,
And a world of Love, shut in.*



DON'T FORGET THE BOYS AND GIRLS

DON'T forget the boys and girls,
In planning about the farm;
For slight neglects in starting out,
Oft end in lots of harm.

Remember, that life's journey,
Is a long and tedious way;
That men and women *tomorrow*,
Are boys and girls *today*.

That the eternal laws of growth,
Of progress, and of truth,
Are written quite the same,
In man, and plant, and bird, and brute.

It pays to study rations,
When you are feeding cattle;
Be as fair with boys and girls—
Grow them strong, for life's battle.

DON'T FORGET THE BOYS AND GIRLS

Don't make them chattel property,
Like horses, sheep and goats,
And work 'em for all they're worth,
To pay off your mortgage notes.

To subordinate their welfare,
To heap up bonds or lands,
May dwarf their moral courage,
And spoil all their life's best plans.

Keep their minds and morals growing,
Tow'rd better thoughts and ways,
By right supplies of liter'ture,
For nights and stormy days.

Keep the home environment,
Pleasant, clean, and cheerful, too;
For that's good moral tonic,
And will last their whole lives through.

Sometimes a change of scen'ry,
Or a day from home, is good;
'Twill help correct their judgment,
And is right good mental food.

DON'T FORGET THE BOYS AND GIRLS

When school days are in session,
 You'll find it the safest rule,
Just to keep them right in line
 With the work they have in school.

But do not expect a boy,
 With an eye for guns and tools,
To at once leave off his hobbies,
 And take to 'grammar rules.'

Encourage their various tastes
 Along industrial lines:
It will help develop muscle.
 And educate their minds.

And when they make great big mistakes,
 You'll censure them a bit;
But any time they do right well,
 Just kindly mention it.

And you'll find you'll be the happier,
 When you're old and gray,
If you are always true to them,
 In what you do and say.

DON'T FORGET THE BOYS AND GIRLS

*Don't discourage ambitions;
Experience proves quite well,—
That what a boy should do in life,
There's none but God can tell.*

In the past, a large per cent
Of the world's successful men,
Were brought up in the country,
And are now, the same as then.
\\

Look some twenty years ahead;
In the long run it will pay:
For men and women tomorrow,
Are the boys and girls today.



*IT pays to do good, and it pays to do right;
For success is not won by power nor by might.
Dealing with others, as you'd have them deal with you.
Wins friendship and fortune and happiness too.*



JUNE

WERE I entertaining angels,
and wanted things in tune,
I'd kind o' like to have them come
some time along in June.

I would sound no patent organ
against the harps *they've* played;
But I'd take them to the forest,
to some nice maple shade—

JUNE

Where they might feast their eyes on
scenery, shrubbery and trees,
And view the landscape picturesque,
while resting there at ease.

And when they'd seen all the flowers,
so full of honey-dew;
And had listened to all the birds
that sing for me and you—
I think they would be delighted,
and wish to come again;
When I'd bid them hearty welcome
return—a year from then.

And if they'd way's taking pictures,
combining sight and sound,
I'd want to have them take a few—
'long home, to show around.
I'd want some in the morning,
and I'd want a few at noon;
And I'd like a few at evening
—but all of them in June.
When there's flowers in the garden,
and flowers in the field;
And flowers in the pasture lot,
to help the honey yield.

JUNE

There's beauty in the forest,
 and the fields of golden grain;
And there's beauty in the rain-bow,
 o'er-neath the falling rain.
There's beauty in the sunshine,
 and there's beauty in the shade:
There's beauty in the dew drops,—
 and everything that's made.

There is music in the timber,
 and in the open land;
There is music in the distance,
 and music near at hand:
There is music in the morning
 —and the whole day long;
From the "chatter" of the sparrow,
 to the Whippoorwill's song.
There's music in the Robin,
 in the Meadow-lark and Wren;
There's music in the Bob-o-link,
 and 'round the chip-munk's den.
There's music in the cricket,
 in the squirrel and the Thrush;
And there's music in the Cat-bird
 —wingin' from the brush.

JUNE

There's music in the Red-bird,
 and the Yellow-hammer too;
There's music in the Black-bird,
 and there's music in the Blue.
There's music in the thicket,
 and there's music in the brook;
There's music in the meadow,
 and everywhere you look;—
For things are *all* united
 in one celebrating tune;
And the world is filled with mirth
 'till it overflows,—in *June*.



CHRISTMAS TIDE

R EJOICE, Oh Earth! 'Tis Christmas morn!
The angels are singing above—
The glad tidings of our Saviour,
And His message of peace and love.

Ring aloud, ye bells,—the gladsome *news*
Of the *Child* of Bethlehem:
And point earth's millions to the *star*,
Still shining brilliantly for them.

Cheer up, sad heart,—praise God today;
There's joy for each tempest tossed sea:
'Tis the *Christ*, who came to bless all mankind,
As well as you and me.

DAYS GONE BY

I USED to play at keeping house,
And make real nice mud pie;
I did things then, I can't do now,—
But those days have long gone by.

I used to climb the rafter poles,
And trees, and buildings high;
I did lots then, I couldn't do now,—
In those days, so long gone by.

I used to ask great broad questions—
Sometimes, get no reply:
I thought things then, I don't think now,—
In days that have long gone by.

I once knew the first ripe apple,
And signs of new baked pie;
I knew things then, I don't know now.—
Those days, many years gone by.

DAYS GONE BY

I once knew each flower and bird,
The toad and butterfly;
I saw lots then, I don't see now,—
But those days have all gone by.

I'd like once more to take a trip,
O'er fields I used to ply;
With all things *big* and *good* as then,—
In those days so long gone by.



A JOLLY LITTLE RAMBLER

A DEW-DROP, nestling in a rose,
Awaked from a morning dream;
Left its beautiful sweet repose,
And clambered up a sunbeam.

It journeyed far to the mountain,
And slept in a bank of snow;
Then it rippled from a fountain,
And helped swell a river's flow.

It put gold in field and forest,—
Cheering everything that grows:
Tired of play, it returns to rest,
In the bosom of the rose.

“SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD”

WHILE putting her house in order,
Within it, creating a home,
She always maintained good hearty welcome,
For all who wished to come.

Her life was blessed with charity—
A faith and hope, unhampered, strong;
Which filled her home with cheerfulness,
With mirth and music, and with song.

Her table spread with bounties,
Sumptuously free, and well prepared;
And there were none, who ever dined with her,
But felt they had *well fared*.

Her hands were always ready-willing,
To lighten another's care;
And it's many a cross and grief,
With her courage, she helped to bear.

“SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD”

When the angels placed me in her arms,
Her fidelity to prove,—
She stamped upon my cheek, “The kiss of joy,”
And sealed it with her love.

How oft she clasped me to her breast,
And soothed my little woes and tears;
And how her ever faithfulness,
Hath kept right up through all the years.

When ill, she would plead High Heaven
To bless all means to make me well;
And suffered hours of anxious worry,
None but she and God could tell.

Then, in all things, she’d point the good,
And try to teach me ways of right;
And when in trouble, she’d encourage,—
Though the clouds seemed thick as night.

She’d enjoy my little successes,
As on earth, none other could;
And would share my burdens and vexations,
In ways, no other would.

"SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD "

And for *aught* there be, that's good in me,
Or in that which I have done;
If any one's deserving credit,
I think *she* should be the one.

Among earth's proven, hath she been a queen,
Though dressed in humble gown;
By and by, she'll win her heaven;
Then, I think, she will wear a crown:

For she hath met life's battle,
With *courage, fidelity and love*;
Entitling her to the rewards of peace,
Described in realms above.





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